

The Department of Music  
of  
The University of Alberta  
presents

CINDY BUSLER, soprano

Wednesday, March 18, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Gerechter Gott, ach, rechnest du from Cantata 89 (1723) . . . . .	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
	Delane Peters, oboe Sylvia Shadick, harpsichord
Auf Dem Strom (1828) . . . . .	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
	Ken Howe, French horn Ina Dykstra, piano
Clair de lune (1887) . . . . .	Gabriel Fauré
Toujours (1878) . . . . .	(1845-1924)
Chanson d'Amour (1882) . . . . .	
Notre Amour (1879) . . . . .	
	Sylvia Shadick, piano

INTERMISSION

The Lilacs (1902) . . . . .	Sergei Rachmaninoff
On the Death of a Linnet (1902) . . . . .	(1873-1943)
Melody (1902) . . . . .	
The Harvest of Sorrow (1893) . . . . .	
Die Spröde (1889) . . . . .	Hugo Wolf
Die Bekehrte (1889) . . . . .	(1860-1903)
Auf ein altes Bild (1888) . . . . .	
Elfenlied (1888) . . . . .	
From Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950) . . . . .	Aaron Copland
The world feels dusty	
Heart, we will forget him	
Why do they shut me out of Heaven	
	Sylvia Shadick, piano



## TRANSLATIONS

"Gerechter Gott, ach, rechnest du," from Cantata No. 89

"Oh Righteous God, allow me to find my soul's salvation in Jesus' blood."

### Auf Den Strom (on the river)

Take the kisses waved in greeting  
That must end our last sad meeting,  
Bearing shoreward all my yearning  
E'er thy feet are homeward turning.  
Now the boat has felt the current gliding faster every moment.  
Straining eyes that tears must fill  
Longing drives them backward still!  
And the river, all uncaring  
Bears me on well nigh despairing.  
Ah, the meadow lost behind me,  
Where so blest was I to find thee.  
Dead and gone the days enchanted  
Now my bitterness supplanted  
O'er the homeland once so fair  
Fox the love, the love he gave me there!

How the shore flies past before me,  
Where the ties are strong to draw me,  
With a bond past understanding,  
To that arbour by the landing.  
Could I pause there but one moment;  
But the river's restless current bears me  
With it far and fast to the open sea at last.

Now a waste of waters round us,  
Now no friendly coast to bound us,  
Not an island, nothing living,  
I am filled with dark misgiving,  
Trembling with a deep dismay!  
From the shore all ties are broken,  
fond regrets remain unspoken;  
Only storm clouds threaten me,  
O'er the grey and rolling sea.

Can the eye discern no longer  
Where the land still lies out yonder?  
When my searching eyes surrender  
To the stars remote in splendor!  
Ah, the stars were bright with blessing  
When he stood, his love confessing;  
There perchance in joy complete  
Loving hearts again may meet,  
There at last fond hearts may meet!

### Clair de lune (poet: Paul Verlaine)

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading.  
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,  
While singing in the minor key  
Of triumphant love, and pleasant life.  
They seem not to believe in their happiness,  
And their song blends with the moonlight,  
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,  
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,  
And makes the fountains solo with ecstasy,  
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

### Toujours (poet: Charles Graudmougin)

You ask me to be silent,  
To flee far from you forever,  
And depart in solitude  
Without remembrance of the one I loved!  
Rather ask the stars  
To fall into the infinite,  
The night to lose its veils,  
The day to lose its brightness!  
Ask the boundless ocean  
To drain its vast waves,  
And when the winds rage in madness,  
To stifle their mournful cries!  
But do not believe that my soul  
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,  
And cast off its fire,  
As spring casts off its flowers.

TRANSLATIONS - Page 2

Chanson d'Amour (poet: Armand Silvestre)

I love your eyes, I love your face.  
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,  
I love your eyes, I love your lips  
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.  
I love your voice, I love the strange  
Gracefulness of everything that you say,  
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,  
My inferno and my paradise!  
I love your eyes, I love your face,  
I love everything that makes you beautiful,  
From your feet to your hair,  
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Notre Amour (poet: Armand Silvestre)

Our love is a light thing  
Like the perfumes which the wind  
Lifts from the top of the fern  
To be inhaled in dreaming.  
Our love is a light thing,  
Our love is a thing with charm,  
Like the songs of the morn,  
With no expression of regret,  
In which vibrates an uncertain hope...  
Our love is a charming thing!  
Our love is a sacred thing  
Like the mysteries of a forest,  
Where a strange soul is trembling,  
Where stillness has a voice;  
Our love is a sacred thing!  
Our love is an infinite thing,  
Like the paths of sunsets,  
Where the sea united with the skies,  
Slumbers under declining suns;  
Our love is an eternal thing,  
Like all things that Almighty God  
Has touched with fire of his wing,  
Like all that comes from the heart;  
Our love is an eternal thing!

Die Spröde - The Prude (poet: Goethe)

On a clear spring morning the shepherds strolled and sang,  
Young, dinely and carefree and it rang  
Through the fields, so la la, le ralla.

For a kiss thyrisis offered her two three lambs on the spot  
She looked roquishly for a moment, but she laughed  
as she went, so la la, le ralla.  
And another bid her ribbons and a third bid his heart,  
But she made fun of heart and ribbons as she had with the lambs only la la! le ralla.

Die Bekehrte - The Convert (poet: Goethe)

In the glow of the setting sun I walked gently through the wood;  
Damon sat and played his flute that it echoed from the rocks. So la la!  
And he drew me down to him, kissed me so tenderly, so sweetly.  
And I said, "Play again" and the good lad played. So la la.  
My peace is now lost, my joy has flown, and I hear in my ears always and only  
The old tune so la la!

Aufein altes Bild - On an old painting (poet: Moericke)

In a green summer meadow,  
By cool water, reeds and rushes,  
Look how the innocent boy  
Plays happily upon the Virgin's knee!  
And there in the enchanted wood  
The tree for the cross is already in leaf!

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf (poet: Moericke)

At night in the village the watchman cried, "Eleven!"  
A tiny little elf in the forest  
Was fast asleep at eleven o'clock!  
And he thought that the nightingale in the valley  
Was calling him by his name,  
Or that silpelit had summoned him.  
The elf rubs his eyes open,  
Sets out his snail-shell house  
And is just like a drunken man,  
As his nap was not quite finished.  
He stumbles then, tippety-tap,  
Through the hayel-wood into the valley below,

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf (Continued)

He stumbles then, tippety-tap,  
Through the hayel-wood into the valley below,  
Creeps very close to the wall,  
Where sit the glow-worms, light upon light.  
"What are all those bright little windows?  
There must be a wedding in there:  
The little ones are sitting at a meal  
And amusing themselves in the hall.  
I will just peep a bit inside!"  
Ouch! He has banged his head on a hardstone!  
Elf, now then, have you had enough?  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson set to music  
by Aaron Copland

These songs were composed during March of 1949  
to March of 1950. They are the first works  
the composer has written for solo voice and  
piano since 1928. "The poems center about no  
single theme, but they treat the subject matter  
particularly close to Miss Dickinson: nature,  
death, life and eternity."